Eighteenth Treatise

A True and Exact RELATION

Of the Horrid and Cruel 18.

MURTHER

Lately committed upon Prince

Cosuma Albertus

By his own Attendants, near

ROTCHISTER in KENT.

AND ALSO

How the Barbarous Murtherers were apprehended and brought before the Right Honourable *Richard Brown* Knight and Barronet, Lord Mayor of the City of *LONDON.*

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

With the Manner of their Examination and Confession.

LONDON.
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A true and exact Relation of that Horrid and Cruel Murther, lately committed upon Prince Cossuma Albertus, *by his own Attendants, near* Rochester *in* Kent.

HOw much God hath shown his displeasure against the crying sin of wilfull Murther, especially that of Princes, is apparently made known to this our Nation; Yet how some mens hearts are hardened, that neither the Fear of God, nor the Punishment inflicted by the good Laws of this Nation, will restrain them from such horrid Actions, will be made appear by this following Relation.

Cossuma Albertus, a Prince in the Dominions of the King of *Poland*, being by the *Germane* Forces worsted and forced to seek for

relief, came to our Gracious King for succour, of whom he found a kind Reception, and a sufficient maintenance.

This good Prince having occasion to go to *Rotchester* in *Kent*, on Saturday *October* 19. 1661. carried a considerable sum of money with him, and took onely his Coach-man and Foot-boy; This Coach-man knowing what money he took with him, agreed with the Foot-boy to tell him when his Master was a sleep (it being usual with him to sleep when he went such long journeys.)

When they came within two miles of *Rochester*, this Prince being a sleep, his Coach-man (whose name is *Isaac Jacomb* alias *Jacques* a Jew) having a long Knife ready for that use, stabs his Prince to the heart; Then the Prince cryed out *Lord have mercy upon me, will you be Prince of my Country?* After this the Coach-man and Foot-man pul'd him out of the Coach, and then drew out the Princes Hanger, and cut off his head, and pulled out both his Eyes, cut off his Chin, and mangled his Face, that so no one might discover who he was, then they cut off one of his Arms, and when they had done all this to hide their Villany, they threw his Body into a Ditch, and his Head about two Furlongs off in another place.

After this they had the Coach and Horses to *Graves*, and left them at an Inn there,

and

and gave the Oastler a great charge to look well to the Horses till they came again.

About two or three dayes after a Doctor of Physick that lived at *Rotchester*, riding through the Parish of *Strode*, his Spaniel Dog brought up the arm of a man, upon which the Doctor made search, and found out that there was a man slain, of which he gave notice to the Countrey.

Presently after this Coach-man went into *Burchen* Lane in *London*, to sell the Hanger which was his Princes, and a Picture, at which time a Grocer which knew the Prince (the Princes Lodgings being hard by, at the *George* in *Lumbar* Street,) he questioned this Coach-man why he should sell those things; But finding no sufficient but a suspitious answer, caused him to be apprehended and carried before the Lord *Mayor*.

After which examination the Lord Mayor sent the Coach-man *Isaac Jacomb Alias Iacques* to *Newgate*, and the Foot-boy whose name is *Cossumerius* to the Counter, where at present they are.

Thus was this good Prince most inhumanely murthered by his own attendance, in this our Country where he came for succour: But now his cruel murtherers the unhumane Jew and that unchristian foot-boy are in safe custody, and will undoubtedly suffer for that their matchless villanny.

When

When the Lord Mayor examined him, he denyed that ever he ſaw the Prince in his life; Then the Mayor cauſed him to be ſearched, and in his pocket was found a bloody hancherchief, the Lord aſked how that came, he ſaid by cutting his thumb; they found alſo in his pocket five pieces of eight, and a hundred and fifty Rix-dollors, which he had changed for gold in *Lumber Street*, and at his lodging at the Jews tent in *Dukes place* they found one hundred and forty pounds.

By this we may ſee that neither wealth nor honour, are any certain Inheritance, but rather occaſions for the devill to quarill at.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a ſtrickt Inquiſition for blood, and a curious and miraculous enquiry for murther, yea let us both fear him with love, and love him with fear, ſith he is impartial in his juſtice, as in diſtributing his mercyes.

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

FINIS.

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